

HUNGER

HOW IT FEELS TO BE LITERALLY STARVING TO DEATH.

Extracts from the Book Called "Hunger," That Has Recently Startled England and Norway by Its Naked Trueness to Life.



THE TERRIBLY REALISTIC POSTER COVER FROM "HUNGER."

By KNUT HAMSON.

I WAS hungry—very hungry. It was now two, ay, nearly three days since I had eaten anything, and I felt somewhat faint; holding the pencil even had taxed me a little. I had half a penknife and a bunch of keys in my pocket, but not a farthing.

Then a drowsy quiet overcame me; a pleasant languor which I did not attempt to resist. The darkness had intensified, and a slight breeze turrowed the pearl-blue sea.

The ships, the masts of which I could see outlined against the sky, looked with their black hulls like voiceless monsters that bristled and lay in wait for me.

I had no pain—my hunger had taken the edge off of it. In its stead I felt pleasantly empty, untouched by everything around me, and glad not to be noticed by any one. I put my feet up on the seat and leaned back.

Thus I could best appreciate the well-being of perfect isolation.

There was not a cloud on my mind, not a feeling of discomfort, and, so far as my many weeks before this last period set in,

thought reached, I had not a whim, not a desire unsatisfied. I lay, with open eyes, in a state of utter absence of mind.

I felt myself charmed away. Moreover, not a sound disturbed me. Soft darkness had hidden the whole world from my sight and buried me in ideal rest. Only the lonely, creeping voice of silence strikes in monotones on my ear, and the dark monsters out there will draw me to them when night comes and they will bear me far across the sea, through strange lands where no man dwells, and they will bear me to Princess Ylajali's palace, where an undreamt of grandeur awaits me, greater than that of any other man.

And the fair one clasps my hand. Then I feel her arms encircle me; her breath fans my face with a whispered, "Welcome, loved one! Kiss me . . . more . . . more . . . more . . ."

I had fallen asleep where I lay, and was awakened by the policeman. There I sat, recalled mercilessly to life and misery.

I had been plucked for food for ever so long.

lectures, written articles and worked day and night like a man possessed?

Had I not lived like a miser, eaten bread and milk when I had plenty, bread alone when I had little, and starved when I had nothing?

Did I live in a hotel?

Had I a suite of rooms on the first floor?

Why, I am living in a loft over a tinker's workshop, a loft already forsaken by God and man last Winter, because the snow blew in. So I could not understand the whole thing; not a bit of it.

I slouched on and dwelt upon all this, and there was not as much as a spark of bitterness or malice or envy in my mind. Well, it was a lovely day, anyway! Sunlight bright and warm surrounded me. The sky stretched away like a beautiful sea over the Lier mountains.

Without knowing it, I was on my way home. I hungered sorely. I found a chip of wood in the street to chew—that helped a bit. To think that I hadn't thought of that sooner!

But I was still faint, and now and again I had to retch furively. I swung round by the Damp-kokken, a famous cheap eat- ing house, read the bill of fare, and shrugged my shoulders in a way to show that I was not a fool. As if I could not find a penny piece and fall to find him.

I staggered up the stairs to my room. I flung myself on my bed.

Ugh! what a shocking smell of cooking there was here—a downright disgustingly strong smell of chops for dinner, phew! And I flung open the window to let out this beastly smell.

"Walter, a plate of beef!" Turning to the table—this miserable table that I was forced to support with my knees when I wrote—I bowed profoundly, and said: "May I ask you to take a glass of wine? No? I am Tangen-Tangen, the Cabinet Minister. I—more's the pity—I was out a little late . . . the door-key."

Once more my thoughts ran without rein in intricate paths.

I was continually conscious that I talked at random, and yet I gave utterance to no word without hearing and understanding it. I said to myself:

"Now you are talking at random again," and yet I could not help myself.

It was as if one were lying awake, and yet talking in one's sleep.

My head was light, without pain and without pressure, and my mood was unshadowed. It sailed away with me, and I made no effort.

"Come in! Yes, only come right in! As you see, everything is of ruby—Ylajali, Ylajali! that swelling crimson silken divan! Ah, how passionately she breathes. Kiss me—loved one—more—more! Your arms are like pale amber, your mouth blushes . . ."

Walter, I asked for a plate of beef!

The sun gleamed in through the window, and I could hear the horses below chewing oats. I sat and mumbled over my chip gaily, glad at heart as a child.

I chewed uninterruptedly at my shaving. Before I realized it I was at the railway square. The clock on Our Saviour's pointed to half-past one. I stood for a bit and considered. A faint sweat forced itself out on my face and trickled down my eyelids. Accompany me down to the bridge, said I to myself—that is to say, if you have spare time!—and I made a bow to myself and turned toward the railway bridge near the wharf.

The ships lay there and the sea rocked in the sunshine. There was bustle and movement everywhere, shrieking steam whistles, quay porters with cases on their shoulders, lively "shanties" coming from the piers. An old woman, a vender of cakes, sits near me, and bends her brown nose down over her wares. The little table before her is suitably full of nice things, and I turn away with distaste.

She is filling the whole quay with her smell of cakes—phew! up with the windows!

I accosted a gentleman sitting at my side and represented forcibly to him the nuisance of having cake sellers here, cake sellers there. . . . Eh? Yes; but he must really admit that . . . But the good man smelt a rat, and did not give me time to finish speaking, for he got up and left. I rose, too, and followed him, firmly determined to convince him of his mistake.

"If it was only out of consideration for sanitary conditions," said I; and I slapped him on the shoulders.

"Excuse me; I am a stranger here, and know nothing of the sanitary conditions," he replied, and stared at me with positive fear.

I returned to the bench and sat down. I was fearfully disturbed, and the big street organ that had begun to grind a tune a little farther away made me still worse—a regular metallic music, a fragment of Weber, to which a little girl is singing a mournful strain. The flute-like sorrowfulness of the organ thrills through my blood; my nerves vibrate in responsive echo. A moment later and I fall back on the seat, whimpering and crooning in time to it.

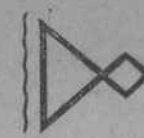
Oh, what strange freaks one's thoughts are guilty of when one is starving! I feel myself lifted up by these noises, dissolved in tones, and I float on, I feel so clearly. How I float out, soaring high above the mountains, dancing through zones of light! I commenced to feel dizzy. There was no mistake about it; I was about to break down in earnest.

I sat down on one of the benches near the church in the market.

Lord! how black things began to look for me now! I did not cry; I was too utterly tired, worn to the last degree.

I sat there without trying to arrive at any conclusion, sad, motionless, and starving. My chest was much inflamed; it smarted most strangely and sorely—nor would chewing shavings help me much longer.

If I had conducted myself like an ordinary being I should have gone home long ago, and laid myself down to rest, and given in. My mind was clear for a moment. Now I was to die. It was in the time of the Fall, and all things were hushed to sleep. I had tried every means, exhausted every resource of which I knew. I fondled this thought sentimentally, and each time I still hoped for a possible succor I whispered repudiatingly: "You fool, you have already begun to die."



THIRST.

NEW YORK HAS BROKEN THE CHAMPAGNE DRINKING RECORD THIS YEAR BY MANY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES.

THIS is the greatest champagne year New York has ever known. The desire to "celebrate" is the cause of it.

The nation's victories in war, the return of peace, the coming and going of war heroes, has aroused an enthusiasm and desire for a "health" drink that is satisfied with nothing less than this king of wines. What else could supplement a hero's tale at a banquet?

Or what beside champagne could celebrate the launching of great financial projects in the new era of expansion?

It is a year of projects in this great American city. Money comes easily, and quite as easily goes.

To-day every business man, as well as the millionaire, considers himself entitled to the best and most stimulating wine.

But it is not men alone who are champagne consumers. Four or five years ago the rich, refined women of the "Four Hundred" almost entirely absorbed the feminine use of champagne, at their dinners and theatre parties.

To-day this beverage flows more wastefully in the "Tenderloin" district than elsewhere. Women drink it more than formerly, but still do not yet equal the number of men who consume it.

There is a queer thing about this champagne habit. It is indulged in most by temperate men. A few days ago, at the Waldorf-Astoria, there were sitting at dinner 600 men, for the most part quiet business men, and they put away over 100 quarts of champagne.

It is strange but true that, although one can ride through whole fields of grapevines in France, and see the curious curvatures in the stone walls designated for the harvesting, still, right in the heart of the champagne country, that wine is no cheaper in Paris than in England, and but a trifle is added on in New York.

Fourteen francs is a small sum to pay for a bottle of champagne in Paris, and ten shillings buys the same in London, but in America this wine, at three and a half or four dollars a bottle, flows like water, and especially in New York this year.

One reason has already been given. Another is that Dewey, our great admiral, comes home in October, and the advance orders here are immense.

Dewey must be feted, Dewey must be honored, and what feast is complete without the potent influences of champagne.

Still another reason for this increase in importation is that this year experienced the hottest April and May for fifty-five years, and all the wealthy who had planned to stay in America until time for the Paris Exposition consorted themselves with champagne.

Right here, let it be said that all doctors agree that champagne is the purest and healthiest wine known. But it is so expensive that no poor invalid can afford it, and still, just because it costs so much all the rich demand it.

Go to the wine cellars of the Waldorf-Astoria and the smaller vaults of the Holland House and see the champagne that is stored there for daily use.

It is astonishing. We realize then that champagne is a power in this country when viewing these immense ice-closets, stocked with choicest brands, kept at 32 degrees, and the big sub-cellar, forty-two feet below the sidewalk, where can be seen Mrs. Bradley-Martin's familiar own particular brand.

Figures best tell the story, and here are submitted a few which will show the wonderful increase in the demand for champagne.

Frederick De Bary, one of the largest importers, states that during the first six months of the present year, ending July 1, the importation of champagnes into this country reached the total of 128,175 cases, which doubled for the year means an unprecedented importation of 256,350 cases, or 3,052,200 quart bottles of wine.

"The largest amount of champagne brought over in one vessel," says Mr. Du Bary, "was 5,000 cases. Now our average of this wine alone is a car load, or 350 cases, equalling 20,000 pounds. We lay the increase to the supreme fact that the war with Spain has made business more prosperous."

An authority upon wines and spirits of all sorts says that annually there are imported 33,000,000 quarts of champagnes, 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer, 80,000,000 gallons of spirits, and that we produce in California, Ohio, Missouri and New York State 25,000,000 gallons of wine.

Are we not, then, tradition to the contrary, a wine-drinking people?

New York stands at the head of the list, nearly 50 per cent of the entire importation being drunk here.

Here is what stewards of some of the big hotels say about champagne drinking: "The demand for champagne is decidedly increasing," declared Gustav Obendorfer, chief wine steward of the Holland House. "At this house we have, perhaps, quieter people and more families than at other big hotels. Our greatest demand is for the vintage wines of England, champagne, I mean, of course."

"A great many Englishmen come here, and, after the lighter wines, call for champagne and whiskey and soda. The latter drink detracts from the champagne, but not to any harmful degree. There is no doubt that champagne in 1899 is the great wine, and all other demands are secondary to it."

"There has never been a year like this for champagne in this country."

Mr. M. J. Killacker, the "chef" of the wine department of the Waldorf-Astoria, says: "This is decidedly the best year we have known for champagne. The best reason I know is because our patrons have the money, are jubilant over our success in the war, and like the champagne. 1892 was a poor year. There was a distinct falling off, and the importation was comparatively small."

"It has gone on increasing until now we

are doing the most prosperous wine business their dinners, their toasts to the war heroes, and their bachelor affairs. At all our advantage in this is likely to be close of these "champagne is the beverage, and upon \$1,000,000, and we do a big business the favorite brands are right here," and he in all wines. People like champagne the indicated tremendous stores of boxes best, and nothing is more popular here, and ice-chests of 500 bottles each.

Mrs. Bradley-Martin and others of their "I notice here that not only the million-set have their own particular vintage, also, but the ordinary prosperous man, demands his champagne. It is the best drink champagne. Men drink more. They have going and its popularity is likely to last."



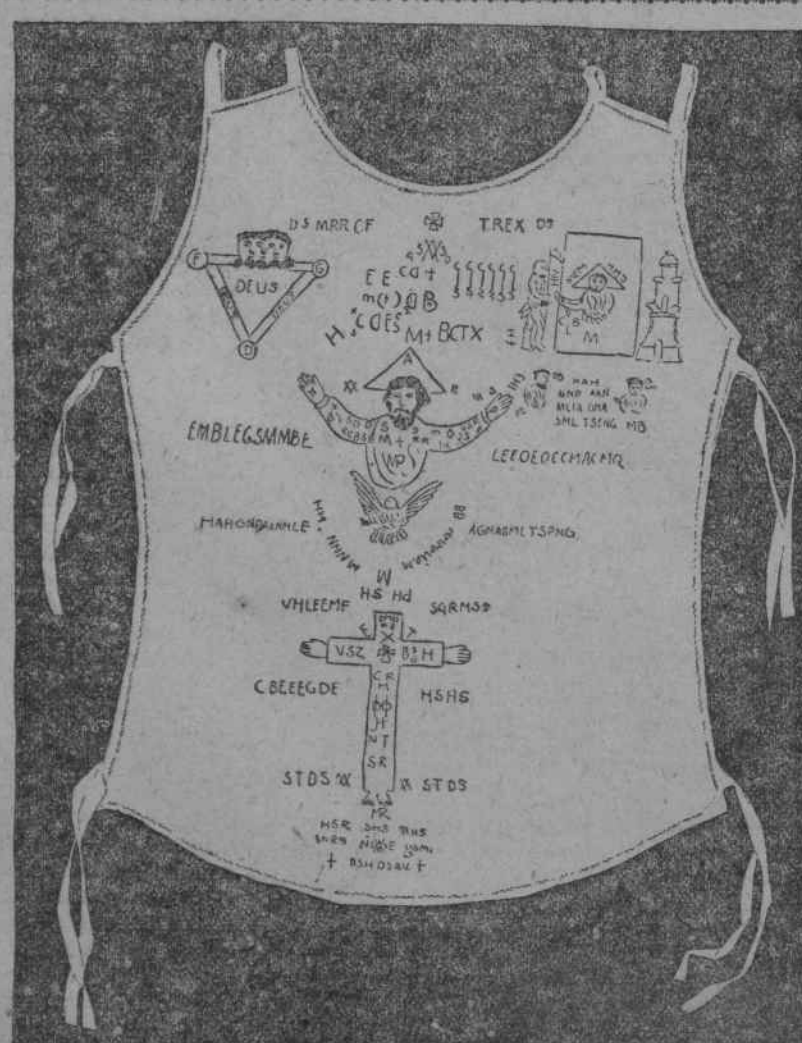
THE VARIOUS CAUSES THAT HAVE LEAD TO THE ENORMOUS CONSUMPTION OF CHAMPAGNE THIS YEAR.

FILIPINO SOLDIERS BELIEVE IN A BULLET PROOF SHIRT LIKE THIS.

AMONG the clothes of the Filipinos is an anting anting, showing that he is not above the superstitions that are so rife among the natives. The anting anting is a charmed shirt, which protects the wearer from all danger of death in battle. It is nothing more than a piece of white cotton, with a hole for the wearer's head. It is worn over the shoulders and tied around the wearer's waist. On the front and back are cabalistic signs, pictures and writing, the writing being in three or four different languages.

These shirts are made by the old women of the hills, and the natives have an abiding faith in their efficacy, although the priests have tried in every way to eradicate the superstition, and the Spaniards, just to show they were no protection, always made their prisoners wear one when being executed. Some of the regiments at Manila have hundreds of them, and they are not all without holes.

Besides the anting anting, the natives have many other charms which they always carry into battle with them, fancying they are a protection. Every one has heard of the superstition of the natives that Aguinaldo cannot be killed by American bullets. Another superstition they have is that the Americans are very much afraid of a pinul is long knifel, and that if one is waved in front of an American soldier he will run.



The Magic "Anting" Rag Which Aguinaldo's Followers Regard as Impervious to Rifle Balls.